

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

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NUMBER 1

THE POND.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

THE pond I know is a wonderful place,
The home of pickerel, perch, and dace;
And many a time by the shore you find
Turtles on sunny logs reclined.

Sweet-flag grows by the banks in lots,
And in a number of other spots;
The reeds are thick wherever you fare,
And the cat-tails wave their tails in air.

The kingfishers live on the wooded side,
And they know just where the minnows hide;
And often a heron comes flapping down
From up in the marshland, green and brown.

The darning-needles flit to and fro,
But they can't sew your ears up tight, you
know;
Like aëroplanes they sail around,
But they don't turn over and strike the
ground.

I've fished a lot, and I've not caught much,
Perch and shiners and dace, and such;
But it's fun just to sit with your line thrown
out
And watch the curious things about.

I've heard of the sea and the big steam-ships,
And I'd like to go on some ocean trips;
But here there is fun of which I'm fond,—
Playing around the old mill-pond!

A Scout Patrol's Guest.

BY F. H. SWEET.

"TRAMP, tramp, tramp, tramp,
tramp!"

It sounded along the lower level of
the big road, swung round the turn, died
away for a time behind the line of big rocks,
recommended, louder, as the road opened to
view again, and then came on steadily,
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, up the long,
steep road, nearer and nearer.

The old woman sitting on her cabin step
watched breathlessly. Not many passed
along this road. It was too remote, in too
wild a country, too poor and rocky in itself,
to be used except in case of necessity. A few
drovers occasionally went by with cattle
purchased from back-country farmers, now
and then a tin pedler riding on his red wagon,
a few small game trappers or hunters after
the no-inconsiderable profits of muskrat
and similar skins, and possibly a tramp or
two who had sufficient reason for seeking the
woods temporarily—that was about all.

So the old woman leaned forward, peering
eagerly through the straggling, decaying
clump of lilac bushes, as old as herself, her
faded eyes full of interest and her fingers twin-
ing and intertwining. Tramp, tramp, they

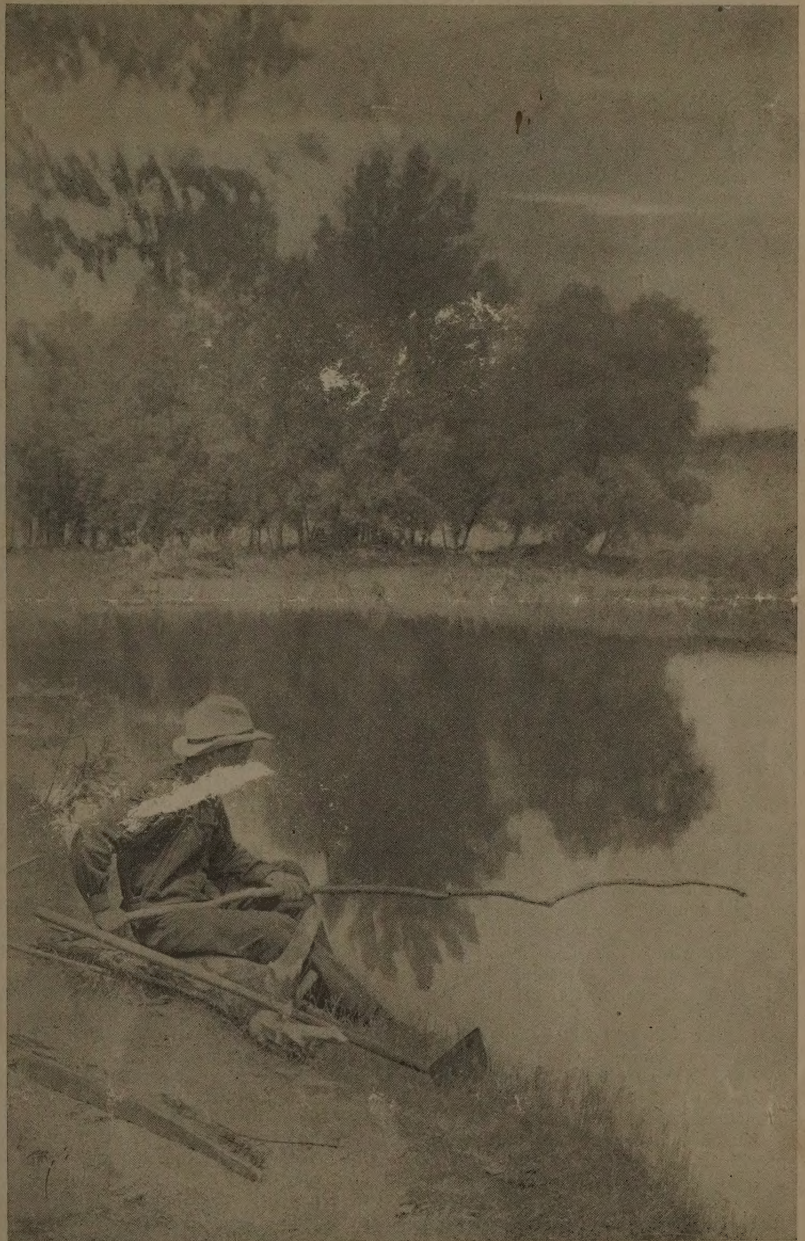


Photo by L. M. Thiers

"It's fun just to sit with your line thrown out
And watch the curious things about."

came on, until she could hear their voices,
see their faces; then there came a quick call
of command, a halt, a few minutes of con-
versation between several who seemed officers,
and then, the command of forty or fifty
wheeled to the right under some trees just
below the lilacs, and disbanded.

The old woman's face fairly beamed.
They were scarcely twenty yards away, near
enough to recognize if they had been acquaint-
ances, and probably more persons than she
had seen in all the last two years.

"An' they're only jest boys," she mur-
mured softly; "little bits of ones, too, some

of 'em. What in the wide world are they doing up here, I wonder. I really thought they were some kind of soldiers at first, the way they tramp, tramped up the hill. An' now what are they up to?" bending forward a little, "gatherin' firewood, I do believe, an' fixin' up a place for cookin'." The idea of boys like them cookin' vittles! My Sammy couldn't have cooked so much as a baked 'tater, an' he was eighteen when the big tree fell an' killed him an' his pa. Dear me, I wish I could be doing something for the boys! Seems as if I ought, being a woman, an' they being on my place."

She rose painfully to her feet and hobbled inquiringly into the house, but it was a pitifully scant store that her eyes were able to search out. Even the little heap of fuel was of small knots and broken sticks she had gathered up under the trees, for her rheumatic limbs were too stiff to longer use an axe in chopping and splitting.

Into one paper bag or box after another she looked, and shook her head. "Won't do," "Not enough," she mumbled disappointedly into each.

Over in the corner under a shelf was a good-sized bag, which seemed about full. Several times her gaze had gone toward it inquiringly. Now she stepped resolutely forward. The bag contained nearly two bushels of white meal, which she had paid for with huckleberry money, and sent down by a friendly drover to bring up. It would be enough to keep her, with other things, through most of the fall and winter. But she did not think of that. It had been a long time since she had been able to offer hospitality to any one, and her withered hands trembled with eagerness as she dipped out a panful and began to mix it for cakes.

"Boys have good appetites," she said aloud, with a little quiver of anticipation in her voice, "an' I guess six or eight cakes won't be any too many apiece. An' there must be nigh on to fifty boys. But the bag holds enough for 'em all, I guess. I'm pretty spy at making cakes, too, an', if I do say it, I can make good ones. I'd better hurry, though. I'm glad I didn't let the fire go out."

Down below the lilacs most of the boys had dropped into lounging groups upon the grass and rocks, leaving a half dozen, or so of their number to gather fuel and prepare the evening meal. It was an ideal place for camping, with a gushing spring of pure water, and with big spreading trees, under which were thick layers of dry pine needles and leaves.

It still lacked an hour of their usual time of going into camp; but the place looked so cool and inviting after the long, hot march up the hill that the officers succumbed to its attractions and ordered a halt. There were nothing but knapsacks to throw aside and provisions to open for the day's cooks, and then all but the detailed fuel-gatherers could rest until the meal should be ready. No tents were carried by them, nor even bedding except the light waterproof blankets strapped to their knapsacks. When it came time to turn in, they would throw themselves upon the leaves, as befitted boys training themselves for a hardy, vigorous manhood.

Being so early, the cooks and fuel-gatherers did not hurry about their tasks, and there was much laughter and joking among the boys. As they became a little rested, many of them began to indulge in athletic stunts of running and jumping and tree climbing, and other things.

But at length the odors of cooking bacon and coffee commenced to fill the air, and one by one the boys, with appetites sharpened by the afternoon walk, left the various sports and began to remove tin plates and cups from their knapsacks.

Then the talk shifted round to various dishes that appealed to the appetite, to delicious meals that had gone before, and delicious meals to come. Glances lingered longer on the cooks about the two fires, and the plates and cups commenced to rattle suggestively. One of the cooks was seen to remove a skillet from the fire, and another a coffee pot, and at that moment came an eager, quavering call from the lilac bushes. Half the boys turned. The face of an old woman was peering down at them with one bony arm beckoning.

"Somebody in trouble likely, and needing help," exclaimed the Scoutmaster quickly. "Smith R. and Burke and Thompson will go with me and investigate. Hold supper a few minutes."

Before they reached the lilacs the old face had disappeared. The rest of the boys kept their gaze upon that point anxiously.

They did not have to wait long. In less than five minutes the four boys reappeared, two of them bearing large pans, and the other two a pail and a big, old-fashioned blue plate. From above all the dishes the boys could see steam rising.

Hurrying carefully down the slope, the boys placed the dishes beside each other on a grassy spot, and turned back. But, as they did so, the Scoutmaster called out:

"Corn cakes, boys, and made by a past master. Also the past master, Mrs. Selter, says she has two gallons of raspberry syrup, made with her own hands. I've never tasted

raspberry syrup myself, but, being made by the maker of these cakes, I know it's the most delicious thing a Scout ever put into his mouth. Scouts Cormac and Williams will go back with us and bring it down. Now don't touch any of these cakes until we get the rest here and everything is ready. We're assured there'll be no less than seven apiece, with syrup to match."

In a few minutes four more big dishes, with steam rising above them, were hurried down and placed beside the others. Then the four boys went back up the slope on a run.

"Do you suppose there are still more?" questioned one of the Scouts, his gloating eyes leaving the heaping dishes to follow the boys to the lilac bushes. "Seems as if there were a dozen apiece here already. But look up yonder, fellows!" excitedly. "Company's coming!"

The last remark was unnecessary, for the entire Patrol was already looking.

The old woman had walked out to the end of the lilacs to watch her cakes down to the camp, and, when the boys returned, there seemed to be a short argument between them, for she was shaking her head and they insisting.

Then suddenly she seemed to yield, for they bent forward a little and clasped their hands to form a chair, and the old woman seated herself upon this royal conveyance, placing her hands upon the shoulders of the two boys behind. When they arrived at the camp, the Scoutmaster gave a brief order to one of his aids, and a pile of knapsacks were thrown into position and covered with red sweaters. On this throne the guest was seated, and more knapsacks were piled up behind to form an easy back for her to

The Sparrow's Question.

BY MARGARET ERSKINE.

TWITTERED Sparrow: "Now I wonder if it's really, really true, That to peck at these red cherries is a naughty thing to do?"

And if this great man monster, who comes frightening me away,
Is doing it in earnest, or if he only is in play?

"For how can one expect a Sparrow, just a little thing like me,
To know the rights and wrongs of all the strange things that I see?"

For I only peck the cherries, and they 'Shoo' me quick away,

While those monster boys they eat them un-a-shoo'd the livelong day."

Painted Corners.

A story is told of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the artist, which shows that he loved children very dearly. When his small children were naughty, their mother punished them by standing them for a few minutes in the corner, with their faces to the wall. This seemed to be quite severe punishment to their beauty-loving father. So he painted in the corners where his children were punished sprays of flowers, saying, "If he has to go to the corner, I am determined he shall enjoy himself there." It is also said that the artist, when visiting, found the child of his host receiving the same punishment, and that he quickly sketched with pencil flying birds in the corner where the small boy stood.

The Colors of Buoys.

"When you enter any harbor in the world," said a pilot, "where the channel is marked by buoys, you will find that those on your right as you pass in are painted red, and those on your left black. If you should see one painted in red and black horizontal bands, the ship could run as close to it as possible, because that indicates the centre of a narrow channel. Buoys with red and black vertical stripes always mark the ends of spits, and the outer and inner ends of extensive reefs, where there is a channel on each side. When red and black checkers are painted on a buoy, it marks either a rock in the open sea or an obstruction in the harbor of small extent with a channel all around. If there are two such obstructions and a channel between them, the buoy on the right of you will have red and white checkers, and the one on your left will have black and white checkers. When a wreck obstructs the channel, a green buoy will be placed on the sea side of the wreck, with the word 'Wreck' plainly painted on it in white letters, provided there is a clear channel all around it: otherwise, an even number will be painted in white above the word 'Wreck,' when the buoy is on the right side of the channel, and an odd number if the buoy is on the left."

Selected.

*The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.*

EMILY DICKINSON.

lean against. The old face was more than beaming now. It was radiantly happy, and the eyes were snapping with almost the ardor of returned youth. As they seated her upon the throne, the worn hands patted and stroked the arms of the boys in a way that made the lips of their owners soften strangely as they smiled down at her.

"Scouts McRae and Dupont are detailed to wait upon our guest of honor," the Scoutmaster called. "They will bring her a cup of our camp coffee, about which she has expressed a curiosity, and a plate of bacon and such other things as happen to be on our night's menu. Now all the Scouts will form into single file and march in front of Mrs. Selter, who will fill their plates with cakes and cover them with an extra allowance of syrup, then right wheel past the fire for coffee and such other things as our cooks have prepared. After supper is over, Mrs. Selter will remain a while to hear us talk; and, before she leaves, our musically endowed Scouts will give a little concert for her benefit."

It was well on in the evening when the human chair was again formed and the old woman taken back home. As they went up the slope, round the lilacs, and into the house, she kept murmuring "O boys! O boys!" It was not much, but it was eloquent and the boys understood.

As they placed her gently in the rag-carpet-covered chair by the fire, which had not yet gone out, she looked from one to another with moist eyes.

"So you're not goin' off to-morrow, nor mebbe the next day," she said wistfully. "I heard one of the boys say that. I'm glad. Camp will be something nice for me to look down to through the lilacs."

"No, we shall not leave to-morrow," the Scoutmaster smiled. "Indeed, I rather think we shall put our whole two weeks of vacation here. It's an ideal place for camping, with good water, a stream in back for fishing, and thick, wild woods for the Scouts to hunt in and explore. That's what we started out for, and I don't think we can be better suited than right here. I talked it over with most of the Scouts, and they seem to be well pleased with the idea. Then one of them—the one you kissed good-night and thought looked like your boy who was killed—broached another idea that we like very well. But I'll speak of that to-morrow."

The next morning the old woman was awakened by the sound of voices and brisk chopping. Rising and dressing hastily, she opened the door and stepped out. Twenty or more of the Scouts were engaged in cleaning up the saplings and small undergrowth that was creeping from the woods toward the cabin. Each of the Scout Patrol carried a hatchet at his belt, designed for clearing and building about a camp, but not large enough to be used against trees. For such work as this undergrowth, however, and even for fair-sized saplings, they were quite serviceable.

As he saw her, the Scoutmaster came forward.

"Good morning, Mrs. Selter," he called cheerily. "We heard you mention that the undergrowth was getting ahead of you here,



"The summer days were long, yet all too brief."

so we've taken advantage of it for an exercise ground. You see, the Scouts are in training for all sorts of woodcraft and strong growth work, and this is very convenient to our camp. We'll take turn about, twenty or so of us working here half of each day we stay, while the rest go hunting or fishing or scouting. I have detailed four to go back to a store we passed yesterday forenoon to get some axes."

"'Lige Cross' store!" she interrupted. "Why, that's twelve miles away!"

"Our Patrol is in pretty good training for such distances," the Scoutmaster assured her. "They'll be here with the axes by noon, and then the trees can be chopped down as we work back toward the woods. I'll have the cut wood packed close to the cabin, so it will be handy for you. And now there's another favor I want to ask, Mrs. Selter, if you don't mind. Should it rain, our provisions are pretty sure to get wet. Can we store them in your kitchen, and maybe use your stove a little, too? Perhaps you might be willing to show our cooks a little now and then. After all, they are only boys and rather amateurish about a fire."

The old woman laughed aloud in her gladness.

"Willin' to let you," she cried. "Why, I'll be pleased. An' I'll show the boys everything I can that they want to learn. And—and I don't care how long you stay."

"It will be only the two weeks, I think," said the Scoutmaster. "Many of us are obliged to go back then, for it will be time for the schools to commence. But that will be time enough for us to see a good deal of each other."

And apparently it was; for, when the Scout Patrol finally broke camp, it was not one that the old woman kissed good-bye, but twenty or more. And not until the last one had gone out of sight down the hill, did she hobble back into the cabin, and go straight to the kitchen, which was now well stocked with all sorts of provisions. Now that they were going home and would have no further need for such things, the Scoutmaster had said, it seemed a pity to make his Scouts carry unnecessary loads.

October.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

A WREATH of autumn leaves she wore
Upon her wind-tossed hair;
A plume of goldenrod she bore
As onward she did fare.
The purpling grapes bent low to see
Their Queen pass on her way,
And every one rejoiced to see
This fair October day.

The Music-box Chair.

The town clock chimed out another hour. Paul let the pruning-shears clatter to the sidewalk, as he stood up for a moment to rest his aching back. It was only a moment, however. Almost instantly he was again on his knees, clipping tufts of grass from between the cracks of the walk and along the edge. He glanced ahead of him. He was only half way through, and he had been working three hours. That meant that before he finished he would have sixty cents. He sighed happily, a dozen big, juicy oranges for wee crippled Helene, and something besides to drop in the iron bank,—the bank that held the savings for the trip to the beach Helene was to have once this summer.

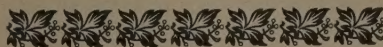
His thoughts were interrupted by a loud rapping on the front window of the house before which he was working. An old man stood at the window, and he was beckoning to Paul. The little boy hurried toward the house, afraid that the man was dissatisfied with his work.

The old man had gone to the front door, and was holding it open by the time Paul reached the house.

"What makes you work so hard?" demanded the man. "Are you trying to earn a baseball or a pair of skates?"

"I'm working for my sister," Paul answered. "She's a cripple, and she has to have expensive things, like oranges and tonics." He tried to remember and be polite, but he kept wondering how long the man would keep him from his work.

The man must have guessed something of what was in Paul's mind, for he said abruptly: "Come in and tell me about it. I'm lonesome to-day, and I'll pay you just as much



to sit and talk to me for an hour as I'd pay you to trim the edges of my lawn."

He led Paul into a large room, filled with such a variety of vases and pictures, queer old chairs and other objects of interest, that Paul felt as if he had wandered into some curio store. The man pointed to one slender chair, the legs and back of which were curiously carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

"Sit down in that chair!" he commanded. "That came from France."

Paul was not accustomed to sitting on such beautiful chairs. He was afraid his clothes would soil it, so he sat down very carefully on the edge of it. He had no sooner done so than his attention was taken up by the sound of music. A music-box, somewhere in the room, was playing the sweetest music Paul had ever heard. The man laughed as he saw the little boy gaze wonderingly about the room.

"Go and find it," he urged. "Find where the music is and I will give you that." He took a shining quarter from his pocket as he spoke, and twirled it upon the table.

Paul sprang from the chair to begin his search, but the music stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Sadly puzzled, he dropped back into his chair to think. He had no sooner done so than the music began again, sweeter than ever. He jumped up to hunt for it, but once more the music stopped. He sat down for the third time, and, when the music started at once, a sudden understanding came into his face, and he began to examine the beautiful chair on which he was sitting.

The man tossed him the shining quarter.

"It's the chair," he nodded. "That chair was made in France. There is a music-box concealed in the seat. Whenever a person sits down on it, that releases a spring and it begins to play."

The little old man showed him many other curious and wonderful things, but all the time a thought was running through Paul's mind. His hour was nearly up before he found courage to ask the question he wished.

"Excuse me, sir," he began at last, "but how much would a chair like that cost?"

"About three hundred dollars," the man answered carelessly.

Paul caught his breath. He had been thinking that, if he worked hard enough and long enough, he might some day be able to buy a chair like that for Helene. The little boy was not easily discouraged, however. Before he left he had another idea.

"Please, sir," he said bravely, when his host came out into the hall with him to open the front door, "how much would you charge if I brought my sister here and let her sit on it to hear the music—I mean, would you rent it to me for an hour?"

The old man looked so cross that Paul's heart sank.

"I don't know," he answered. "I never rented my furniture before. Tell me where you live," he finished, so sternly that Paul's voice nearly trembled as he gave the address and watched the man write it down.

"Come to-morrow and fix the walk in the back yard," was all the old man said, as he put the book away in his pocket.

Paul was on hand the next morning, but his hope that the man would rent his music-box chair was not very high. He worked away steadily. Once he looked up to find that the man was watching him from one of the back windows. Late in the afternoon,

as Paul was about to leave, he came down the back steps and motioned to the little boy.

"I've decided not to rent it," he began. "I never did such a thing in the seventy-two years I have lived, and I'm not going to begin now." With that he turned abruptly and went back into the house, leaving a heavy-hearted little boy to trudge home to his sister.

He was so downcast that it was hard work to begin his usual cheery whistle as he drew near the small house where he and his mother and Helene lived. He knew Helene would be at the window watching, and to-night he dreaded to see her tired, patient little face.

He was much surprised, therefore, to find her beckoning to him excitedly as soon as he came in sight. She could hardly wait for him to open the door.

"See what's come!" she cried, pointing to a bulky object covered with great sheets of wrapping paper.

"Open it quick!" she commanded. "Mother says my name is on it, but I wanted to wait."

Paul undid the wrappings, feeling as if he were in a sort of dream as he did so. He blinked his eyes in astonishment when at last he beheld the wonderful French chair. There was a card tied with a blue ribbon to the back of the chair. It read:—

"This chair is an heirloom in our family, so it can neither be rented nor sold nor given away; but, being the last of my family, I hereby loan it to Helene Strang for a period of ninety-nine years.

"JOSEPH BOARDMAN."

"Oh, and I thought he was so cross about it!" Paul murmured repentantly. "Listen, Helene!" He picked her up carefully and seated her on the wonderful chair, then laughed with pleasure at her surprise when the clear, sweet music began to fill the little house.

ANNIE LOUISE BERRAY,
in the *Churchman*.

The Paper Boy.

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

THROUGH the rain and through the snow,

Summer's sun and winter's cloud;

Like a blackbird, piping loud,

Daily, he will come, we know.

Shabby coat, eyes full of fun,

Freckled nose, and well-worn shoes,—

When he comes, we get the news,

For he brings "The Morning Sun."

Gentle manners, sure, has he,

Though his home's a crowded flat,

In a stifling court, at that.

Where he comes from—don't you see?—

Doesn't matter. Where he goes

Is the thing that's going to tell.

All we old folks wish him well.

He'll be something, yet. Who knows?

Somewhere in the world his place

Waits till he shall be a man,

Good part of a noble plan,

Climbing upward with his race;

And his work is well begun,

Though he walks in shabby shoes,

And he only brings the news;

For he leaves—the morning sun!

*Be noble—that is more than wealth;
Do right—that is more than place.*

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Black Squirrel.

BY N. S. SMITH.

I FEEL sure that the readers of *The Beacon* will enjoy hearing about a dear little black squirrel that has made himself a part of the activities of a certain park in the city of Hartford during the past summer.

Hartford is noted for its beautiful parks. This particular one is not large. It has at each of its four corners shrubs which are in bloom from early spring until late autumn, while between the corners the space is filled with beds containing plants of the most vivid colors and delightful fragrance.

There is never a day that it is not occupied with babies—babies asleep and babies awake, with mothers and nurses—and children flying kites. As evening comes on, the older boys find it a good spot for a game of ball or a running match. Even the grown people never tire of wandering in the shade of the several large trees. It all produces an ever-changing picture, of which one never tires.

One afternoon, when the ground seemed unusually filled with life, all at once there came an exclamation from some one, "Oh, look at the black squirrel!" Sure enough, in and out among the children, under shrubs, up and down the trees, skipped a little black squirrel, having every appearance of considering himself at home. Upon trying to make his acquaintance, the children soon found that he was a very sociable little fellow; and it was not very long before he would approach them and take things from their hands. What he liked best was to find a nut closely shut in the hand, and with his pointed nose pry open the fingers and run off with the nut to bury it. Sometimes he would dig one up and bury it deeper.

Once or twice he brought a mate with him, but more often he enjoyed occupying the field alone.

One Sunday morning while our family were upon the veranda, which faces the park, the black squirrel paid us a call. After traveling the entire length of the railing, over into a box of plants (and it was then we discovered what had sadly nibbled the begonia leaves), he jumped into our laps as though begging. After getting some nuts, he made a direct line for the vines around the veranda, coming out from them without the nuts. This performance was repeated several times before he left us, skipping off to the park. We tried to find where he buried the nuts, but were unsuccessful. I doubt if he himself could remember where he put them.

Upon investigation concerning his origin, it was found that he is owned by a man who lives not far from the park. He brought four black squirrels from Canada, the first of the kind in Hartford.

One day one of them escaped from its cage and was gone all day, returning home at night, a fact that so pleased his owner that he daily gives the squirrel his liberty.

According to the story, three French boys were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows: (1) "To was or not to am"; (2) "To were or is to not"; (3) "To should or not to will."

Harper's Young People.

Devotional.

JOY IN ASSEMBLING IN CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

BY REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE.

READINGS.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

Bible.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!
To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

S. T. Coleridge.

PRAYER.

We thank thee, Father, for the happiness of the summer and the bounty of the harvest. Give us the spirit of joy and thankfulness the whole round year. Make us pure and kind, patient and trustworthy. As thou hast blessed us, may we serve others, doing our part of the world's work and spreading the spirit of good-will. Amen.

Sunday-school News.

IN the Unitarian church at Yarmouth, Me., of which Rev. Leverett R. Daniels is minister, there is a Bible Readers' Class held at the close of the lesson period, conducted by the minister. A young people's chorus of twenty voices takes part in the special services of the church and Sunday school.

The Sunday school of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church at Leominster, Mass., celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its continuous existence on the evening of May 16, 1913. The school is, in fact, older, having been held for ten years previous to 1837. In 1838 it was reorganized, with 252 scholars, a Bible Class of 60, and 41 teachers.

The anniversary was commemorated on Sunday, May 11, in the church after morning service, by special exercises. At that time 40 of the 154 who have been members of Miss Howe's class of adults, "the Class in the Corner," were present, including the 5 who are living, out of the original 7 girls who made up the class at its organization fifty years ago.

Children and grown people joined in the program on the following Friday evening. The occasion was a delightful one, long to be remembered by all who enjoyed it. Further accounts of this large and well-organized Sunday school will be given in later numbers of *The Beacon*.

Contributions to the *Beacon Scholarships* are being made by our schools in increasing numbers. The Sunday school at Nashua, N.H., bears the palm for the largest amount thus far sent in, and for the honor of taking a regular monthly collection for the purpose. Its latest contribution, and one from the "farthest West" Unitarian Sunday school in the United States, will be acknowledged next week.



Playing with the Pelicans.

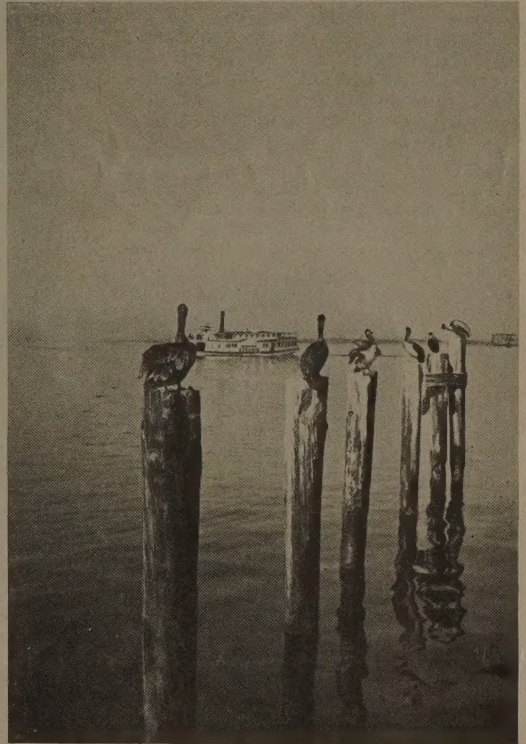
BY MARC N. GOODENOW.



THERE are few sights along the coast of the Southern States, fronting on the Gulf of Mexico, more interesting than the great flocks of pelicans feeding in shallow water. If you have never before seen a pelican and spy a great bird as large as an eagle or a buzzard shooting head first into the water from a height of forty or fifty feet and making a loud, clumsy splash, you wonder what in the world is taking place in the bird kingdom. If the conditions are right, and there are plenty of fish, you might almost say it was "raining" birds. For from a distance they look as if they might have lost their balance in the air and are dashing head-long to injury or a broken neck. But presently you will see this same bird lift its head slowly out of the water and tilt up its long, white bill, and then gulp as you have never seen a bird gulp before.

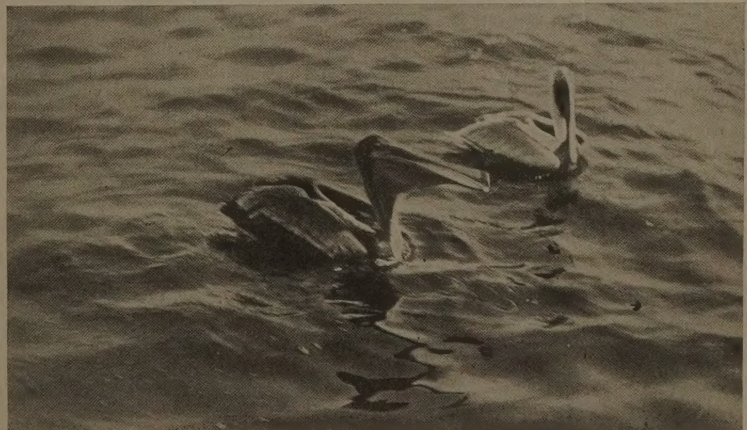
It means that the pelican has seen a shoal of fish, and has dived down with his bill spread apart and caught perhaps half a dozen small fish. In opening his mouth to get as many fish as he can, he has filled his pouch with a great quantity of water, —more than a quart, perhaps a gallon. Therefore, as it would never do to swallow that much salt water every time he dives, he raises his head and bill slowly to let the water run out and allow him to swallow the fish alone. Then if you watch him closely, you will see him wag his tail several times with huge satisfaction, and paddle about in the water until he feels the need of another mouthful of fish.

Hour after hour the pelicans, which feed in groups generally, can be seen diving into the water at any height from five to fifty feet;



"A favorite resting-place is on the top of a post."

and it is very rare indeed when they miss catching their prey. When they do, you can almost see the disappointment in their wise, owl-like faces. But still they soar again and again and continue to dive until they have filled their crops full of wriggling little fishes. When they are tired with the work of catching their meal, or they have satisfied their appetites, they gather about on a sand bar and preen themselves or flap their wings and yawn. And a pelican's yawn is a real yawn, too,—a good deal wider than that of a sleepy



"There is a pouch below the bill in which the bird catches the fish."

boy or girl, for their bills are very long, and their pouches are big. They look as if they might carry enough food to feed them for a week. A favorite place after a morning spent in such exercise is on top of a post some distance from fishermen.

Those pelicans which feed in the harbors or inlets where there is good fishing are quite tame. In many harbors they have learned to come up to within a few feet of the pier and catch the minnows or other bait which fishermen throw out to them. In this they are quite expert, too. I have seen them catch fish in their pouches as easily as you might catch a rubber ball, and with as much accuracy. Just whistle to them softly, and they will turn their heads to one side to listen and see if you have something in your hand for them. Then, if you make a slight motion with your hand, they will all flock toward you, each one trying to be first to catch the morsel in the air or pick it out of the water.

One can have a lot of fun in feeding pelicans from the end of a pier. Take a fishing pole along, buy a can of bait, and fasten the bait to the end of the fishing line instead of a hook. Then dangle this morsel about over the water, and see the pelicans come up to snatch it away. They will take the fish in their bills, work it back close to their heads to hold it the more tightly, and then try to make off with it. When they have reached the end of your line, you can turn them around and make them work hard to keep from losing the bite. Sometimes they will even get themselves caught on a hook by snapping at fish. They seem to like to get their food in this way, if possible, and will spend hours in such attempts if there is only some one to dangle the fish over their heads.

Pelicans live to quite an old age; they haunt certain harbors and inlets for years and become quite tame. During the mating season they go to a quiet island or secluded marsh or bay head and lay their eggs in nests made of reeds. The young are white when hatched, but later on they become brown on the backs and wings, though they retain their white breasts. The males have yellow crowns and the females brown heads. The pouches, which are of a thin but tough membrane, and will stretch almost to the size of a toy balloon, serve the double purpose of aiding the female to feed herself as well as to carry food to her young.

A Stepmother.

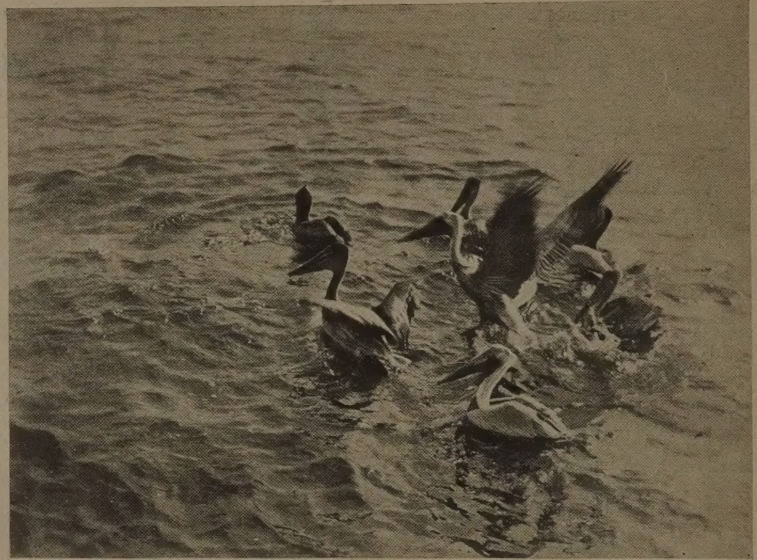
A little while ago I heard a very strange story. Down on Long Island there is an old hen who has stolen four little kittens from a cat. The little kittens "meow," and the old hen clucks to them, and they come and get under her wings. Their mother, the cat, comes and gives them their dinner, and then she goes away. The old hen lets the mother cat come, but she will not let any one else touch the kittens.

Do you believe this story? I do, because it was told to me by the woman who owned the hen.

Our Animal Friends.

The only road to advancement is to do your work so well that you are always ahead of the demands of your position. Our employers do not decide whether we shall stay where we are or go on and up; we decide that matter for ourselves. Success or failure are not chosen for us: we choose them for ourselves.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.



"Pelicans making a clumsy splash."

Young Contributors' Department.

Selected for publication from Group I.
Prose. Margaret B. Boynton (age 15), Buffalo, N.Y.; Ruth W. Morton (age 13), Plymouth, Mass.
Verse. Elsie L. Lustig (age 15), Providence, R.I.

Honor List.

Flora Shepard (age 14), Marietta, Ohio; Margaret De Laughter (age 10), St. Louis, Mo.

The other two articles accepted will appear in our issue for October 19.

A Vacation Experience.

BY MARGARET B. BOYNTON.

(Age 15.)

It was just the kind of a day for a picnic, sunny, clear, and comfortably cool. About nine in the morning we started, six of us,—my uncle and three cousins, my sister and myself, all packed into the carryall.

We drove about fourteen miles along beautiful country roads, through five or six villages and past many green fields. At length we reached the foot of Mt. Sugarloaf, which is a Massachusetts State Reservation. My uncle thought that Danny, the horse, would appreciate it more if we walked up the mountain, so we left him to lead the horse, and ran on ahead. The ascent was quite steep; but we rested often, and the beauty of the view from the summit fully repaid us for the long climb. The river ran past the mountain at the east, glistening in the bright sunlight; and on every side stretched green meadows, dotted here and there with farmhouses, looking so tiny and insignificant, with now and then a pretty little village.

Soon after we had eaten our picnic dinner, we started for home. Going down the mountain was almost as hard as climbing up, and we were all glad to get into the carriage again.

On our way home we stopped at Old Deerfield, famous for its memories of the Indian days. On both sides of the main street are huge old trees and many colonial houses over two hundred years old. We went into the Pacumtuck Memorial Hall, which contains a very interesting collection,—cranes, spinning-wheels, looms, Indian stone-axes and arrowheads, and many old swords and army coats. Here we spent about an hour, and then had to leave, as it was growing late. So we tumbled into the carryall again, and drove home after a very interesting, happy, and successful picnic.

CONDITIONS.

The writer must be under eighteen years of age, and must have already secured a Beacon Club button by writing a letter for the Beacon Club Corner of our paper, or by sending a puzzle to the Recreation Column. Contributions must be written in ink, on one side only of the sheet. Name, full address, and age of the writer must be placed at the upper corner of the first page of manuscript: when the contribution is prose, the number of words should also be stated. Under this the endorsement, "Original contribution, age correct," must be signed by parent, guardian, or teacher. Manuscripts should be folded and sent flat in stout envelopes. No contribution will be returned to sender unless an addressed and stamped envelope of proper size to contain it is enclosed. Any desired title for story, essay, or verse may be chosen, so long as the theme suggested is the one used; and a clever or striking title will count in the choice made for publication. One contribution only in each group may be sent by any one member, not one of each kind.

The Editor reserves the right to reject all contributions on any given subject if none of sufficient merit to warrant publication is submitted.

Address Young Contributors' Department,
 THE BEACON,
 25 Beacon Street,
 Boston, Mass.

SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in of the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and endorsement.]

Group III. Must be received on or before Nov. 1, 1913.

1. Story or Essay: "It happened at Christmas."
2. Verse: "When the Christ-child came."
3. Three puzzles, one to relate to Christmas.

Group IV. Must be received on or before Dec. 1, 1913.

1. Story or Essay: "One of my Pets."
2. Verse: "When Fields are White."
3. Three puzzles.

Group V. Must be received before Jan. 1, 1914.

1. Story or Essay: "Good Sport."
2. Verse: "A Valentine."
3. Three puzzles.

All contributions accepted and published will be paid for at one-half our usual space rates.

Names of contributors whose work deserves commendation, but cannot be accepted for publication, will be printed on an Honor List.

PAGE FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

Pansy's Cousins.

BY EMILIE HENDERSON.

PANSY had gone to visit her Grandpa and Grandma, who lived in the country, a long distance from her own home. It was her first visit to a farm, and everything was new and delightful to her. She had not been a day in the place before she had explored the house and barn and orchard, and made the acquaintance of every animal about the place.

She was rather a quiet, thoughtful little girl; but she soon formed the habit of looking at Grandpa with bright, expectant eyes, for he had a way of saying very queer things that made her laugh. For instance, when one morning she came downstairs in a little thin, yellow dress, he said, "Your corolla is very pretty. It's like the sunshine."

"My what, Grandpa?" asked Pansy.

"Your corolla. All flowers wear a bright corolla, you know, except the lilies and a few others, who wear white ones. I shouldn't be surprised if the bees would be buzzing around you to gather honey."

"Corolla! I never heard that word," laughed Pansy; "but I think it's a very nice name for my new dress. Are we going to hunt eggs this morning, Grandpa?"

"Not till evening," answered Grandpa. "I think the hens are not expecting morning callers. Besides, I'm going to take you to visit your little cousins this morning."

"My cousins! But I haven't any cousins here, Grandpa." Pansy's eyes danced as she looked up at her Grandpa, for she felt sure that he had some pleasant surprise for her.

"Oh, yes, you have," he answered her, "a whole family of them. Come on, and you'll see."

They crossed the lawn at the side of the house, and Grandpa opened a little gate and led the way down a walk, then motioned Pansy to a seat on a rustic bench.

Pansy looked up with eager eyes that asked, "What next?"

"There are your cousins, all smiling a welcome to you," said Grandpa, nodding at the scene before them.

Pansy looked up and saw a great bed of velvet pansies. They did indeed seem to be smiling at her.

"O Grandpa," she cried, clapping her hands, "what funny little faces they have! And they all look so glad and happy!"

"I think they must be," answered Grandpa; "for you see they spend their whole lives in giving pleasure to others, and that is one of the great secrets of

happiness. And then, too, I've heard it said that pansies always have beautiful thoughts—so many that they have them to give to others. And beautiful thoughts make one glad and happy, too."

Pansy had grown very thoughtful. "I'd like to be happy that way," she said. "I think I'll come out here every day and see if my little cousins will give me some beautiful thoughts."

"I think they have already given you one," laughed Grandpa.

His Busy Day.

BY ANNA PHILLIPS SEE.

'Twas October and there'd been
Frost the night before.

In a tree there hung this sign

On a wee front door
(He'd no time to frisk and play),
"Johnnie Squirrel's busy day."

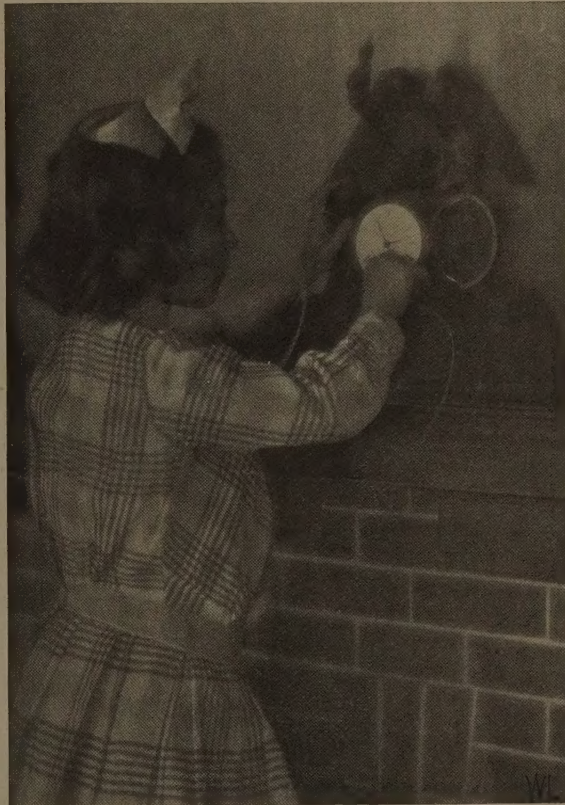


Photo by Mr. Ludlum.

"Tick, Tock!"

BY WILLIAM LUDLUM, JR.

"Tick, Tock!" goes the clock,
Seconds rushing by,
"Tick, Tock!" by the clock,
Minutes born to die.

"Tick, Tock!" goes the clock,
Hours come and gone,
"Tick, Tock!" by the clock,
Soon the day is done.

"Tick, Tock!" goes the clock,
Days to weeks have sped,
"Tick, Tock!" by the clock,
Months and years have fled.

"Tick, Tock!" goes the clock,
While we wake or sleep,
"Tick, Tock!" by the clock,
As we sow, we reap.

"Tick, Tock!" goes the clock,
While we work or wait,
"Tick, Tock!" by the clock,
Soon the "Open Gate."

"Tick, Tock!" goes the clock,
And for you and me,
"Tick, Tock!" by the clock,
Comes—Eternity.

THE BEACON.

ISSUED WEEKLY FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY OF OCTOBER
TO THE FIRST SUNDAY OF JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

PUBLISHED BY THE
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From the Editor to You.

WITH this opening number of Vol. IV. of *The Beacon*, the Editor greets our readers, young and old. We have been good friends during the past year, have we not? We have loved and enjoyed our paper, and have worked together to make it as good as possible. You have done your share, as the interesting letters in "The Beacon Club Corner" and the puzzles sent to "The Recreation Column" will show. Many words of appreciation and helpful suggestion have reached the Editor, for which she has expressed her thanks. The past year has been a good one. Shall we make this year still better?

This number of our paper shows some of the new things we have in store for you. One of them is the Department for Young Contributors, announced in our closing number last year. You have given willingly whatever you could for the Beacon Club. In the extension of the Club's work you will receive a return for what you send if your articles on the assigned subjects are accepted. Your real joy will come, not from the amount paid for your story, essay, verse, or group of puzzles, but from knowing that you can write something that is thought worthy to be printed, and in trying to do the very best you can.

Twice each month we mean to give one page in larger type for our youngest readers. Stores, verses, and pictures which they will enjoy will often be found on other pages as well. But we intend to print this one in such type that the youngest children who can read will turn to it with pleasure.

The older children and young people in the home and the Sunday school will find much in *The Beacon* which is meant for them. Our plans for this year include a section especially for boys, about athletics, camping, scouting, ways to do things, and some of the wonders of science and invention. Nor will the older girls be forgotten. An article on the "Girls' Camp-fire" is promised for an early issue, and some of the newer opportunities for women and girls which modern life offers will from time to time be presented. Stories, poems, news, a great sentence or a verse which makes your heart thrill, will, as space permits, appear this year as before.

Once a month a short devotional section will be given. Different people will select the readings and write the prayers,—men and women great in heart and wise in mind. May we hope that together, in the Sunday school, or alone as you read, or in the silence from memory, you may use these words to gain a real lift of the heart? *The Beacon* comes to you to show you that the religious life is the fullest and noblest life possible, and to help you to live it.

[Letters for this department should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

THE Club begins its second year with members in twenty-one States, in Canada, Scotland, and Switzerland. Well done, boys and girls!

The pin has been mailed to all members. If any one entitled to it has not received it, please let us know, giving your full address.

Here are letters from some of our younger members:

Dear Miss Buck,—I remember the time you came to the Sunday School on Baltimore Street. I liked the story you told us very much.

I am seven years old, and I try to be present every Sunday.

Miss Collins is my teacher, and I like her very much. I like to read *The Beacon* every Sunday when I get home.

Sincerely yours,

STUART WEBSTER GRAHAM,
Lynn, Mass.

Dear Miss Buck,—I enjoy reading *The Beacon* which I get about every Sunday. I go to the Lynn Unitarian Sunday school. I have a very nice teacher, Miss Spinney, of whom I am fond. I try to go to Sunday school every Sunday, so we can try to get the banner.

I remain your friend,

LYDIA KING.
(11 years old.)

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Marietta, Ohio. We haven't many in our Sunday school, but according to the number enrolled we have a better attendance than any other school in Marietta. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* and am going to try to keep all *The Beacons* next year and have a book made of them.

Sincerely yours,

LINNIE L. DODD.
(Age 10.)

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA I.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 13, 14, 3, 18, is a tract of land.

My 14, 3, 2, 5, 25, is to give over.

My 28, 9, 8, is a secluded woman.

My 1, 11, 4, is what we breathe.

My 7, 19, 15, 24, is a continent.

My 6, 21, 10, 12, 23, 17, 3, 8, 12, is what Africa is.

My 20, 27, 16, 4, is to fly high.

My 17, 26, 22, 3, is delightful.

My whole is a religious institution.

FILOLA SHEPARD.

ENIGMA II.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 2, 10, 9, is a liquid.

My 8, 4, is a preposition.

My 6, 3, 5, is the opposite of in.

My 11, 12, 4, 3, 13, is a Greek goddess.

My 7, 10, 9, 1, is used in photography.

My whole is a mountain in the Holy Land.

ARTHUR ANSLEY.

SHAKESPEARE PUZZLE.

(Find the name of one of Shakespeare's heroines concealed in each sentence.)

1. I want a trap or tiara for a Christmas gift.
2. The law of primogeniture obtains in England.
3. The trip was a long one, Riley.
4. The waterfall was so large, I thought it a Niagara.
5. That's a Chinese gong. Yes, sir, that is a bell as is a bell.
6. The Chinese think that no food can beat rice.

Selected.

THE BEACON CLUB CORNER

My dear Miss Buck,—I attend the First Congregational Sunday School in Providence, R.I. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. The answers to two puzzles in the last number are enclosed.

I should very much like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Sincerely yours,

THOMAS E. ROUNDS, JR.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Church at West Upton. There are eight girls in my class. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much and would like to join the Beacon Club. I am sending you an enigma which I hope you can print in one of the following *Beacons*.

Lovingly yours,

IDA MAY WOOD,
West Upton, Mass.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

Dear Editor,—I enjoyed your lecture at the Unitarian church here so much that I have taken a new interest in *The Beacon*. I like to solve the Enigmas and have enclosed one of my own for you, for which please send me a Beacon Club button.

A friend,

FILOLA SHEPARD.

SANTA ANA, CAL.

Dear Beacon,—I am ten years old. Last Sunday my mother asked me if I wanted to learn how to work the puzzles in *The Beacon*, so she helped me, and we never stopped till we had them all.

My grandma is eighty-one and lives with us, and she used to help my mother do the puzzles in New York City when it was *Every Other Sunday*, and mother says when she was a very little girl the paper was called *The Dayspring*.

EMMA HARDY.

The editor is glad to learn of some one who remembers our paper under the beautiful name with which it began its existence.

Some interesting letters from St. Louis will appear in our Club corner next week.

CHANGED INITIALS.

I am a word of four letters, and am a synonym for crooked.

Change my head, and I am an American coin.

Again, and I am a slight depression.

Again, and I am a church fast.

Again, and I am a rent.

HENRY A. JENKS.

THREE BOYS.

One-fourth of a wasp,

One-fourth of a ship,

One-third of a lie,

One-third of a lip.

One-fourth of a joke,

One-sixth of attire,

One-half of a game,

One-fifth of a spire.

Two-fifths of a ridge,

One-fourth of a card,

Three-fourths of a harp,

One-fifth of a guard.

The Visitor.

We are glad to make acknowledgment now of the receipt of answers to puzzles in Vol. III., which reached us too late for acknowledgment in the last number of that volume. These were sent by Douglas Ayres, Jr., Fort Plain, N.Y.; Ethel M. Marsden, Fall River, Mass.; Henry Cyrus Holton, Jr., Northfield, Mass.; Arthur Ansley, Iowa City, Ia.; Thomas E. Rounds, Jr., Providence, R.I.; and Emma Hardy, Santa Ana, Cal.

Contributions have also been received from Edna Hartwell, Littleton, Mass.; Helen Arthur, Great Falls, Mont.; and Ida May Wood, West Upton, Mass.